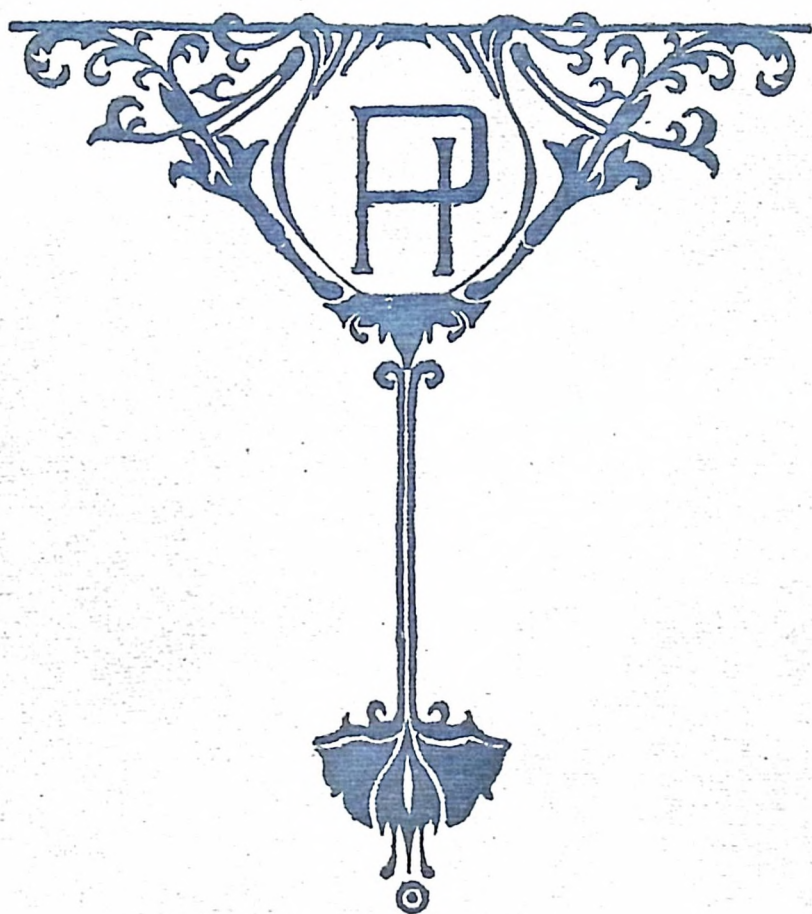


The  
Pennell Whirlpool

1924



Pennell Institute---Gray, Maine

## Dedication

*We respectfully dedicate this issue  
of "The Pennell Whirlpool" to  
our former Principal  
MR. M. C. SMART  
who served our school for ten  
years, ably and faithfully.*

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1924  
1926

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### FACULTY ADVISER

MISS WENTWORTH

## Editorials

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The greatest need of Pennell Institute is a gymnasium. Other schools, no larger than Pennell, have an up-to-date gymnasium. Pennell stands high as to educational standards, so why not have a gymnasium to give its students the same chances as those attending other schools? It is almost impossible to have winter athletic teams without a gymnasium. Nothing so develops school work as an athletic team representing the school, that all can back to success. So what do you say? Let's all give a helping hand to get Pennell a gymnasium and set it on an equal footing with other schools of our size.

E. F. S., '25.

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### IS LATIN PRACTICAL?

This is the question considered by instructors as well as pupils. It is a difficult study for most students, and it does seem a waste of time to some. The latter are entirely mistaken. The study of Latin is not a waste of time; moreover, it is one of the most practical studies that can be taken. A large per cent of the words in the English vocabulary are derived from the Latin. Latin also offers assistance to a student in the study of French, Spanish and Italian. France, Spain, and Italy, were parts of the Roman Empire. This caused the Latin dialect to be intermingled with the Gallic languages.

The study of Caesar's Gallic War, Cicero's Orations, and Virgil's Aeneid are a help to the student for their historical value. In Caesar's Gallic Wars the implements of war, employed by the Romans, are described, also the life of the wild German tribes.

A person who has studied Latin usually has a wider vocabulary than the one who has not studied. He also uses better grammar in his conversation. A large vocabulary is an aid to one in business or in a profession. The majority of the Presidents of the United States studied Latin, and were benefited by it. Was it a waste of their time? Latin, then, must help the student of today, and is not a waste of his time. The moral value of Latin is shown by these words, "Labor omnia vincit."

### THOUSANDS OF VISITORS AT GRAY CELEBRATION

The new cement State Highway connecting Portland and Lewiston, Maine's two large cities, was opened with exercises in Gray Square. At ten the long line of cars in the parade from the city of Lewiston began filling the square, side streets and all available space with hundreds of parked cars. The address of welcome was given by Perley C. Sawyer, chairman of the board of selectmen. Col. C. E. Nason and Hon. Matthew C. Morrill had a little history of Gray to tell the visitors. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. S. Cummings of Auburn. Visitors and townspeople joined in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

Governor Percival P. Baxter, who was to speak, was unable to be present, but sent congratulations by his representative. There was excellent music furnished by the Lewiston Brass Band of fifteen pieces. A parody on "Long, Long Trail" was written for the occasion. Leader Arthur E. Sarton closed the program by giving three cheers for Gray.

The prominent visitors were:—Henry E. Dunnack, State Librarian and representative of Governor Baxter; Major Bram of Lewiston; Major Cummings of Auburn and Chief of Highway Commission, Paul Sargent.

It was estimated that over 3,000 visitors were present. This town was suitable for the exercises because it is larger than any other on the road, and is located half way between Portland and Lewiston.

LAURENCE HUMPHREY.

The students of Pennell Institute were greatly grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Lee B. Hunt, last May. Mr. Hunt was at one time a principal of the school and was for many years a trustee of Pennell. He always had the best interests of the school at heart.

### AN ACROSTIC

J is for Juniors, all of whom are so fair,  
 U is for Unity, in which we all share,  
 N is for Neatness, which we hope to possess,  
 I is for Ideals, that lead us to success;  
 O is for Order, which was heaven's first law,  
 R is for Reaching, which Juniors abhor,  
 S is for Seniors, when we won't be so raw!

A. W. F., '25.

## AN ENCOUNTER WITH GYPSIES

It was the year 1915 that I met with my first encounter with gypsies. A thrilling adventure indeed! So that you can imagine how frightened I was I am going to undertake to describe my experience to you.

I had just received a beautiful pony, a birthday present, from my father, and I was very proud of him. Arthur, my boy friend next door and I had decided that Pat should be taught some tricks. Arthur had brought over a bell, which he hung on the tree by a rope; this should be a signal to perform.

Everything was arranged, when a red and yellow wagon was seen rattling up the road. Arthur said that he was sure that those were gypsies who, as George Severy said, had pitched camp on Gray Meadow and during the night had carried off his habits which hung on a line on the side nearest the meadow. He said probably the dog frightened them before they had time to get the rest of the things.

Arthur and I, for once in our lives, were brave. We left Pat tied to a tree and hurried to the front yard just as a dark man descended from the wagon and was now approaching us.

"Has your father any horses to sell?"

"No, he hasn't—he's got two horses which do his plowing and hard work, and I guess he don't want to sell those at any price. They're getting pretty slow and steady and he can depend on 'em."

"All right," said the man as he turned to go.

I gave a sigh of relief, but all too soon, for at that moment Pat, our trick pony, rang the bell and came bounding into the yard. The gypsy's face brightened, as he tried to make a bargain with me. Of course I didn't want to sell my pony. What was he thinking of? With a dissatisfied expression he again took up his drive.

That night they gained permission to camp at Dry Pond. It happened that the Baptists were to have a picnic there the following day. Arthur and I had already made our plans to drive up with Pat so that we might earn money for the Red Cross by giving rides at a nickel apiece. We worked hard all the forenoon and were very glad when noon beamed upon us.

Several of the children were sent to the spring after water. Upon their arrival they saw a dark man fast asleep. Behold! It was the gypsy who tried to buy our pony. He asked if Pat was ready for sale and seemed quite amused when I told him in a very determined tone—**NO!** He told us that if we would come to the camp that the women would tell us exactly what the future had in store for us. Nobody was interested enough at the time.

On arriving home we gave Pat a fine meal and locked him up in the barn for the night. The next morning Pat was not to be found

anywhere, though we searched "high and low." How I wished I had had my fortune told and saved all this anxiety over my lost pony. A storm was raging and still no signs of Pat. There was but one thing left to do—search the gypsy camp.

We turned into the woods at dusk just as the tribe was building a camp fire. The chief smiled in his usual way and asked if I had come to sell Pat. I stood amazed and found myself unable to speak. He gave father and me permission to search the grounds. Pat was not there. We thanked the chief for his kindness, and turned out of the woods.

We learned upon our return that a second band were tenting up by Mayall's tomb. I didn't wait for father, but calling for Arthur, who willingly consented to go, hurried to the spot.

The last fence had been climbed and we were now in Sawyer's pasture. In the lower end of this pasture we saw Pat tied to a tree. We were on the point of cutting the rope when we heard a deep, harsh voice saying, "Leave that horse alone."

The man stood before us. How could we prove to him that this was our pet pony? Arthur, as you all know, is noted for his brains, and proposed that we make the pony do his tricks, if the white star on his forehead and white spots on his legs were not sufficient to identify him. It was useless, the gypsy refused to believe us.

At this moment, his wife appeared and told us that she would show us the horses back of the tent and perhaps we would find our Pat there. Both of us hesitated at first, but Arthur was much moved by her kind voice and induced me to follow him.

Did we find our pony behind the tents? I should say not, we found ourselves inside the tent. We were told to sit down while they made preparations for departure. She said if we would be good that we could go in a little while. We tried to escape but were caught and locked into one of the wagons. There in the corner was a bundle of clothes which proved to be the whole of George's costume which he lost from the line.

The next thing that we knew we were traveling briskly up the road in the red and yellow covered wagon. We had just reached the New Gloucester line when the wagon suddenly stopped. The entire police force of Gray was there to hold up this band.

Each of the wagons were searched and cleared of their contents. My pony was hitched to the end of the wagon in which we were confined. I was more than glad to see him. As for George's clothes, he was very glad to have them in his possession again.

The gypsies were locked up within the dark walls of Gray Prison. They were set free a year ago last fourth of July. We all took part, on that day, in driving them out of the town.

E. C., '25.

## BLUNDERS OF CITY FOLKS

One day in July of last year some city friends came to visit me. They were a man and his wife from Portland. They knew no more about the country than most city folks do. We had some fun while they were here. It commenced the minute they arrived. They came in an automobile and the woman had a winter coat with her, for she said she thought it was cold in the country. For myself I had never seen July even cool enough. My sister and I promised to show them the field after dinner.

We all sat down to a dinner of ham. Of course everybody with sense knows a ham come from a pig, but some city folks are ignorant to that extent. We ate a hearty dinner of ham and after dinner the woman remarked, "I have eaten so much ham that I'm ashamed to look a cow in the face."

We then started to the field. On our way we saw a chicken which had strayed from the flock and the man asked, "Is that a partridge? I have always wanted to see one."

There was a scarecrow in the cornfield. The woman turned to her husband and asked, "Why do they have that funny looking man stand up there?"

Her husband replied, "Oh, I know what that is, it's a scarecrow. They have it to scare the woodchucks."

We also had some hungarian growing in the field. The minute the woman saw it, she said, "Oh, Fred, look at the pretty cat-nine-tails."

Next, the talk drifted to strawberries and I mentioned that it was hard work stooping over to pick strawberries. The man said, "But I thought strawberries grew on small trees."

We soon came home. As the man and woman were leaving, we heard her remark, "I never knew I had so much knowledge of the country. Really, I am proud to think I know so much." I wonder what her knowledge is?

B. N. WINSLOW, '26.

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"WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME"

The other day I landed in the little town of Gray,  
It was the prettiest little spot I'd seen in many a day;  
I thought I'd like to settle down if I could find a home,  
From such a nifty little town I did not wish to roam.

Next day I thought I'd take a drive, a broader view to get,  
And see if I could find a house which someone wished to let.  
I left the city part of Gray and started toward the west.  
There was a beautiful gravel road, one of the very best.

I found a very pleasant house,  
Two miles or more from Gray,  
And I soon arranged without a "towse,"  
The amount I'd have to pay.



## THE PENNELL WHIRLPOOL

Soon I was settled comfortable  
As anyone could wish,  
No trouble crossed my pathway  
Until there happened this:

Upon a Saturday afternoon  
I went to the town hall;  
The students craved it as a boon,  
For the game of basketball.

They were going to fix up that abode,  
As it never was before.  
But the town the measure vetoed,  
Which made me awfully sore.

Though sad a wanderer to be,  
I packed my things that night,  
And that burg had seen the last of me  
Before the morning light.

WARREN LIBBY, '25.

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THE GYPSY'S PROPHECY

Under a spreading tent near me,  
A traveling gypsy stood,  
With beady eyes so black and wee,  
And a kerchief for a hood.  
"Your fortune told, my little maid?"  
She kindly said to me;  
Then with her dirty hand she laid  
A knife upon her knee.  
Under her dark-topped tent I stood,  
Trembling like a leaf;  
While she stepped up in mysterious mood,  
To pull the flap beneath.  
She told me that I'd live not long,  
And that my fears were vain;  
Thus with a gesture and a song  
Turned sunshine into rain.  
When I awakened from my trance,  
She kindly whispered me,  
That I would travel far in France,  
But always a maid would be.  
She turned the crystal ball again  
And to her own amazement,  
She said that I would marry twain,  
Then refuse a third engagement.  
I would not have her tell me more,  
Because I wished to think  
I'd live as happy as before.  
And to her health I'd drink.  
She took my hand and said farewell,  
But looked off into space,  
Then walked down to a little dell,  
And cursed all her dark race.

I. M. S., '25.

## THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

I enjoy the selection "Poems of Action" very much. There is variety enough to satisfy almost everybody. When asked to choose my favorite, I have to pass over many which I like very much.

Perhaps it is no coincidence that my favorite poem, "The Pipes at Lucknow," is by the poet of whose verse I am most fond, John G. Whittier.

There is power in the poem which is very musical and inspiring. One can imagine the Scottish pipes sounding through the mountains and lowlands. How clear and encouraging they must be to the clansmen! Each clan has a different call which is readily recognized from the others.

It is a rest to read the Scottish poems. One feels more satisfied with life and is thankful that there is the country of Scotland which produces the bravest, tenderest, and most wonderful people in the world.

In this poem the pipes bring encouragement to the despairing soldiers, because help is coming and the clansmen are gathering against the Sepoys.

The setting of the poem is in India. The British forces at Lucknow with several hundred women and children are besieged for several months during the Indian mutiny by thousands of wild and fanatical nations, and fear every day the defeat that will mean nameless shame and cruel slaughter. The brave company in a starving condition are finally relieved by a handful of British soldiers under Henry Havelock.

A Scottish lass suddenly recognizes the call of the pipes. She calls the attention of the rest but the man whose ear is untrained to the sound does not feel the thrill that the Scotch do. For one who learns to love the music from childhood it stirs the heart like the National song of a country.

W. H. L.

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SITTING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

Ma and Pa Hickson were taking their family of eight into town to have their pictures "took." The years were rolling swiftly by and Ma greatly desired to have a picture of her little brood while they were comparatively young, if a suitable photographer could be found.

They had arrived at the Corners, which boasted of two studios. Ma proceeded to go first to one and then to the other, trying to decide which was the best.

At last she decided on "Brown's," which was so small that her eight crowded it, and so Brown decided to have it taken out of doors with

the distant mountains as a background. So after much disputing they got into as small a group as possible, and just as Brown told them "to look at the birdie," little Freddie began to whimper, or, rather gave a good lusty bawl and asked if it would hurt. After being assured by his mother that it would not, he said, "Well, that's what you said about having my tooth pulled, but it did."

Ma pacified him, however, and all settled down again, when Pa backed out; said he would not be in it if the kids wouldn't stand around him just as much as around Ma. This was settled without much trouble. When a definite agreement was reached and all stood ready once more, Henry began to cough violently, and Ma said, "Well, I do declare, I believe he's got the whooping cough, I'll have to go right away." And so off she started with her clan, leaving the photographer turning the air blue behind them.

E. F. S., '25.

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#### SEPTEMBER TO JUNE

How strongly we yearn for the first of September, (?)  
 When back to the schoolroom we go with a will!  
 There are happy meetings and friendly greetings  
 With teachers and schoolmates as we climb up the hill.  
 October is here and with it much cheer.  
 The bright autumn leaves make the landscape superb.  
 School is progressing, and this, I'm confessing,  
 I'm having my troubles with noun, clause, and verb.  
 November advances with more somber fancies.  
 We are well settled now on the school year's routine.  
 We are all looking forward and into the cupboard  
 For turkey and vegetables, pudding and cream.  
 The snow has been falling and I have been calling  
 And sending my greetings to all I hold dear.  
 For this is December and you must remember  
 It's the merriest time in the whole of the year.  
 It is right colder now, and the evergreen's bough  
 Is heavily laden with snow.  
 The air is a-tingle and how the bells jingle  
 When out for New Year's calls we go.  
 February's on time and with Saint Valentine  
 And the birthdays of Lincoln and George Washington,

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#### A HOLDUP ON THE INTERURBAN

"Halt! or we will shoot," three men yelled as the Portland-Lewiston Interurban car was quietly speeding along, about twelve o'clock between Gray and North Gray. The motorman was busy, of course, and the conductor was talking with his pretty young lady friend. The crowded car stopped as soon as possible. The people started to get up to see what the delay was.

"Don't anybody attempt to leave this car," commanded the outlaws, "Keep your seats."

Soon three men were seen entering and three guns waved dangerously in the face of the conductor. At this the women began to shriek and faint.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, the robbers are among you; just throw up your hands, and do as we tell you. We'll soon get what we want, and you may go along," said the leader of the outlaws. "Very well, then; at my order, the men will begin the search. They will pass among you, ladies and gentlemen; any effort to retard their progress will be met with instant—well, you know."

Before the petrified crowd could realize what was taking place, the three outlaws were swiftly passing from person to person, stripping the women of their jewels, the men of their money and watches, and any other valuables they could find. A half-hearted protest went up from the conductor, as he saw the last dollar of his two hundred come out of his pocket.

While this was going on, the motorman had quietly slipped away to a nearby house and notified the police at the Headquarters at Gray. Before the lawbreakers had time to rob all the people, four detectives arrived in a car: namely, Linsey Crow, Jack Coon, Jimmy Newt, and a very prominent man of the town, Napoleon Duflicker, Esq.

"I now call upon all robbers present to surrender in the name of the law," said Detective Napoleon Duflicker, Esq. "Surrender peacefully and you will not be harmed; resist and no knowing whatever will become of you. The law is no respecter of persons. Throw up your hands."

"It must be your uncommon sense, men," said Jimmy Newt, pointing his revolver. "Wher do you expect to be, if you do not surrender? You're cornered and you might jest as well give up. Four detectives are here from the big city of Gray. Up with your hands."

"He's in earnest," said the leader of the robbers, "we might just as well give up now before we are compelled to."

"Now what have you got to say?" cried the detectives, pointing their revolvers at the robbers while they took their weapons, "I guess we have you cornered, ain't we? What do you mean by resisting anyway? We'll learn ye!"

"The guilty must suffer," said Linsey Crow, while the others were handcuffing the prisoners.

The three lawbreakers were at last conquered and handcuffed. The car started for Portland. When it reached Gray, the detectives assisted the prisoners from the car, while the people thanked the former for their help. The men and women were given their money and jewelry and the car started once more for Portland.

The four detectives took the prisoners up Church Street followed by the whole town. They kept on until they arrived at Gray Town Hall. The lawbreakers were put in prison next to the Selectmen's

Office and Gray School-supply room. They were later tried by the famous Judge Whirlwind of the city and found guilty. Their names proved to be John Devereau and his brother Stephen, and Bill Luckie (quite unlucky this time, I think), all hailing from New York. They were sentenced to five years in prison and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars each, the money going to Pennell Institute Athletic Association.

DORIS M. ROBERTS.

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Backward, turn backward, Oh time in your flight,  
Give study hours off, just for one night.  
Give us a night we can call our own,  
And then we won't take it and call it a loan.  
Give us a night, no matter how soon,  
But we'd rather it came on the full of the moon.  
Grant us a night, if there's one you can find,  
And we'll show great respect, if you'll just be so kind.

M. E. H., '25.

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### MY SAD FATE

A few summers ago, while I was at York Beach for a day's picnic, I had the chance to have my fortune told. It happened in this way: There were many gypsies in gay caps and dresses along the beach. I had passed their tents by the roadside. One of these gypsies came along my way, while I was standing on the board walk. She was selling sweet grass baskets. She asked me to buy one. Whoever bought one of these, could have his fortune told. This persuaded me. She read my palm first, and said that I would have quite a long life, with two wives and three children to make it delightful. I was interested in this.

The gypsy then took a pack of cards, and spread them on the ground, telling me to choose thirteen of them. I did so, and gave them to her. By looking at the cards, she told the rest of my fortune. She predicted this:—

"You will meet a light-haired woman who will bring you great sorrow. She will harass you in every way. Finally she will desert you. Then you will prosper in business, until you meet a dark-haired woman. You will then try for a divorce from your first wife. In the end you will be successful and free to marry the dark-haired woman. Through this marriage you will have the three children. You will become wealthy and lead a happy, domestic life after this."

After she finished the fortune, she gave me the basket. I now keep it as a souvenir of this event. The gypsy told me never to tell my fortune to anyone, if I wished it to come true. I (fearing that some of it would come true) have gladly told the preceding story.

N. W.

### "A QUEER PARTY"

Fred Wellington sent word to his friends that he was to give a party upon the following Saturday. It was to be given in a pine grove near his home.

At about ten o'clock his guests began to arrive. Fred and three of his friends had brought their band instruments, so they amused the others for an hour with their playing.

Then they began preparations for a real camp dinner. They first made their outdoor fireplace and then prepared the food for cooking. They had succeeded in getting their food cooked to a taste when a crash was heard in the bushes near at hand. The boys looked and saw to their surprise a large brown bear. He came directly toward their table of food.

The boys made a dash for the nearest trees and looked in horror at the bear. The bear paid no attention to the boys but commenced to eat the dinner, which the boys had carefully prepared.

One of the boys, perched on one of the lower limbs, said, "I don't believe that's a wild bear. He's got a collar around his neck and I read in the paper that a large brown bear had escaped from the circus at Wadham's."

"Oh, boy!" said another, "let's capture him, and then we'll probably get a reward."

Fred went home and secured several ropes and four blankets. Three of the boys took ropes and getting on opposite sides of the bear they tried to drop the nooses over his head. They tried several times and finally succeeded. Then they commenced to pull. Fred took a blanket and cautiously put it over his head. Then came more blankets and ropes and the boys tied him up tightly and put him in a box.

The next day they delivered him to the circus and received five dollars each for a reward.

C. L. M., '25.

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### TO THE FRESHMEN

Freshman, sitting at your desk  
Making believe you work,  
Really it is such a jest,  
For all you do is shirk.

To your doting Ma and Pa,  
You seem very wise and lit,  
But to us who Juniors are,  
You are very far from "IT."

A. G. S., '25.

## THE PENNELL WHIRLPOOL

## JUNIORS

Here's to the Juniors,  
And may they live long;  
Enjoy happy Union,  
In Work and in Song.

M. L. P., '25.

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THE COLOR QUESTION

Under the spreading maple trees,  
A trembling Freshman stands;  
He hears someone approaching,  
And his books drop from his hand.

He endeavors to muster up courage,  
And tries not to be seen;  
The reason that he does this  
Is because he's so blooming green.

EARL F. STEVENS, '25.



## Athletics

In the fall of 1923, the boys, with the aid of the principal, made an outdoor basketball court for practice. Very promising material showed up in the practice games and we looked forward to a successful season. In spite of our best efforts, however, we could obtain no hall suitable for our games. The disappointment was keen among the pupils of the school. We are looking forward to next year, wishing for better luck and hoping that some public spirited citizen will bequeath the school a hall for such purposes.

This Spring a large number of candidates turned out for the baseball squad, with the result that a fair team has been rounded into shape. Mr. Hamm is coaching the team. Percy Mitchell has been elected Captain and Earle Stevens, Manager. Clyde Muzzy is making a very good cheer leader, instilling pep into the cheering section. The school has shown good spirit, a group of girls always cheering us in the practice games. A league has been formed in which Greely Institute, New Gloucester High School, Windham High School and this school will compete. A suitable engraved loving cup will be awarded the winner. As yet no games have been played. The following schedule has been arranged:

April 26th, at Gray: Greely Institute vs. Pennell.

April 30th, at Gray: New Gloucester High School vs. Pennell.



May 3rd, at Cumberland: Greely Institute vs. Pennell.

May 7th, at New Gloucester: New Gloucester High School vs. Pennell.

May 10th, at Windham: Windham High vs. Pennell.

May 17th, at Yarmouth: Yarmouth High vs. Pennell.

May 24th, at Gray: Windham High vs. Pennell.

May 31st, at Gray: Yarmouth High vs. Pennell.

June 6th, at Gray: Alumni vs. Pennell.

Preparations are being made for the four-cornered track meet to be held, June 7th, at Gray. The schools making up the baseball league will compete. Medals will be given to the individual winners. An engraved loving cup goes to the winning school.

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### Locals

The annual Chipman prize was awarded to Ellen Cole, 1924. The prize is given for citizenship.

The Curtis Publishing Company offered the students of Pennell Institute a way to earn some money for athletics. The school was divided into two divisions, the Reds and the Blues. Over one hundred subscriptions were obtained, and the school earned about seventy dollars. Red-top pencils were given to all who obtained three or more subscriptions. Fountain pens were given to Marjorie Stacy and Earle Stevens for obtaining the most subscriptions. The Blues won the contest and were given a social by the Reds. Games were enjoyed and refreshments were served.

"The Empty House" was given by the Class of 1924 on May 18, 1923. Marjorie Stacy's acting was exceptionally good. Ellen Cole, Louise Douglass, and Albert Doughty proved excellent actors.

Ernest Leonard, acting a double part, deserved much credit for the success of the play. Eugene Sawyer acted his part effectively.

The Senior Class have begun rehearsals on the drama, "Secret Service."

The Junior Class are planning to give the drama, "Much Ado About Betty."

The Freshman Reception was held September 14. A short program was enjoyed. Isabelle Sawyer and Dorothy Hancock played a piano duet. Louise Chipman played a piano solo and Ellen Cole gave a reading. Games and dancing were enjoyed.

"Aunt Billie from Texas" was given by the Junior Class at the Town Hall for the benefit of the school paper. Earle Stevens, disguised as Aunt Billie, was very effective, as was Ina Severy, the

chaperon of the girls. Warren Libby, Maynard Colley, and Nelson Winslow, were very good comedians. Myrtle Campbell, Ruby Hodgkins, Annie Frank, and Frank McConky represented important characters in an interesting way.

Maynard Colley played a violin solo and Nelson Winslow accompanied him at the piano. Mr. Wilfred Tremblay of Lewiston played three selections on the piano. Dancing was enjoyed after the drama; music was furnished by a local orchestra.

At the close of the year, Mr. Smart resigned because of ill health; Miss Means left Pennell to accept a position at Edward Little High School, Auburn. The vacancies were filled by Mr. Hamm, a graduate of the University of Maine, and Miss Miller, a graduate of Bates College.

The school was invited to enter the Y. M. C. A. races for Cumberland County, one event being held each week. Of these, George Severy won first place in Class five, for the hundred yard dash, in ten seconds. He also won third place in Class five, in the broad jump, eight feet, ten inches, being the distance.

## Graduating Exercises

of the

CLASS OF 1923, PENNELL INSTITUTE

Gray, Maine

Friday, June first, at ten-thirty A. M.

Class Motto: "Labor Conquers Everything"

### PROGRAM

March

Invocation

Music

Salutatory ..... Eleanor Kable Dennis

Class History ..... William Sidney Douglass

Oration ..... Kenneth Henry Burns

Music

Selection from Evangeline ..... Eugenia Emma Doughty

Prophecy ..... Alva Mary Strout

Gifts ..... Lillian Thurston Hancock

Music

Class Will ..... Esther Morrill Brackett

Valedictory ..... Marguerite Eunice Verrill

Music

Award of the Chipman Prize

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction

## Alumni Notes

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### CLASS OF 1890

J. Lillian Frank is very ill at Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. A. H. Weeks is passing the winter in California.

### CLASS OF 1893

Leonard B. Tripp is in the Customs' Service in Boston, Mass.

### CLASS OF 1896

Frank F. Adams entered several photographs at the recent photographers' display at Portland, Maine.

### CLASS OF 1897

Annie E. Bailey is a teacher at Sanford, Maine.  
Wilbur P. Hancock is working in Portland at present.

### CLASS OF 1903

True C. Morrill is superintendent of schools at Newport, N. H.

### CLASS OF 1906 AND 1907

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Libby have a young daughter, Esther Gertrude.

### CLASS OF 1908

Mabel H. Hunt is a student at Gray's Business College, Portland, Maine.  
Roy F. Webb died at Hebron Sanatorium, May, 1922.

### CLASS OF 1909

Ruth E. Freeman (Mrs. Raymond Bowden) has a young son.

### CLASS OF 1911

Christena C. Brown (Mrs. Charles Dooley) lives at Rochester, New Hampshire.  
Ruth P. Thayer resides with her parents at Gray.

### CLASS OF 1912

Perley L. Lawrence has an excellent garage at Gray.

### CLASS OF 1913

Philip N. Libby is working in Tennessee.

### CLASS OF 1914

Elva Gilman has become Mrs. R. M. Boynton, 153 Tenaflly Road, Englewood, New Jersey.

### CLASS OF 1915

Gladys H. Burns teaches at North Berwick, Maine.

CLASS OF 1916

Helen M. Sweetser has become Mrs. H. E. Martin, 497 Cumberland Avenue, Portland, Maine.

Mary R. Sweetser, 37 Vassal Street, Wollaston, Mass.

Frederick E. Skillings is a collector for N. T. Fox and Company, Portland, Maine.

CLASS OF 1918

Ruth E. Morrell is now Mrs. John A. Morrill, Gray, Maine.

CLASS OF 1919

Russell J. Coffin is working for Swift & Company.

Carl T. Duplisea resides in Gray.

Alice M. Lawrence is a stenographer and bookkeeper at Hebron Academy.

CLASS OF 1920

Charles W. Barker was married last year to Miss Selina J. Coffin.

Emily M. Field has become Mrs. Harold Hodsdon, South Windham, Maine.

Karl E. Libby married Miss Chosca.

CLASS OF 1921

Inez E. Lufkin is residing at her home in Cumberland, Maine.

Marguerite Morrill is a student at Farmington Normal School.

John S. Anderson is principal of a high school at South Bristol, Maine.

Roscoe W. Sawyer recently won the Parmenter Scholarship at Harvard College.

CLASS OF 1922

Jennie E. Foster is teaching in Roxbury, Mass.

Harriet L. Russell has become Mrs. Gerald Humphrey, East Gray, Maine.

Edward Kent married Dorothy H. Hancock.

CLASS OF 1923

Esther M. Brackett is teaching at South Portland, Maine.

Eleanor K. Dennis is residing at West Gray, Maine.

Eugenia E. Doughty is going to Washington, D. C., for study.

Lillian T. Hancock is now Mrs. Ivory Robinson, Raymond, Maine.

Alva M. Strout is teaching at New Gloucester, Maine.

Marguerite E. Verrill is teaching at New Gloucester, Maine.

Kenneth U. Burns resides at his home in Gray, Maine.

William S. Douglass is taking a course at Shaw's Business College, Portland, Maine.

Ex-'23, Charles A. Small is a student at Bates.

Ex-'25, W. Gordon Farrell, at last report, was at Devil's Lake, North Dakota.

Ex-'25, Theodore M. Muzzey's address is care of the Raymond Hotel, Engineering Department, Pasadena, California.

## Exchanges

*The Pilot*, Mechanic Falls High School. A fine paper. Call again. We enjoyed your literary work very much.

*The Madisonian*, Madison High School. Your alumni notes are very interesting.

*The Purvian*, Portland University. You have an excellent paper. We enjoyed every department and there is so much humor. We call it just fine!

A. Mitchell: "When I graduate, I'll step into a position of \$20,000 per."

M. Mitchell: "Per what?"

A. Mitchell: "Perhaps."—*Pilot*.

Mabel: "How are you getting on at college, Percy?"

Percy: "Oh, all right. I'm trying hard to get ahead, you know."

Mabel: "Well, heaven knows you need one."—*Purvian*.

*The Breccia*, Deering High School. Your stories are very well told and the diaries are interesting. The jokes are very clever. You must be proud of your poets in school, for the poems are fine.

*The Netop*, Turner Falls High School. Your paper is certainly a wonder! Your advertisements are well arranged, editorials are fine, your jokes are excellent, and the stories are very, very interesting.

"You cough with much greater ease this morning," the doctor remarked.

"I ought to," retorted the patient, "I have been practicing all night."  
—*Netop*.

"How many ribs have you?" asked So.

Silly: "Oh, Dear! I'm too ticklish to count them."—*Breccia*.

Windham High School, Windham, Maine. We found your paper very interesting. You have a fine joke department. Don't forget us next year.

### PRECIOUS STONES OF W. H. S.

Freshman—Emerald.

Sophomore—Moonstone.

Junior—Soapstone.

Senior—Grindstone.

P. G.—Gravestone.

*Academy Bell, Fryeburg, Maine.*

*The Crimson Rambler, Standish, Maine.* You have some very clever poems, a forceful editorial, and also an attractive cover for your paper.

Miss Bean: "What is the plural of boy?"

Peanut: "Boying."

Miss Bean: "I've heard of boys going girling, but I never heard of them going boying."

*Crimson Rambler.*

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### MY JOURNEY TO TIMBUCTOO

One evening as I sat before the open fire in the cheerful living-room of my small bungalow home, I began to dream of journeys in far-off lands; even as I dreamed I heard a soft rustling in the doorway behind me. Turning to see who my caller might be, I was much astonished to see a dark-skinned personage clad in the loosely flowing garments of the Orient.

I spoke to him, and he slowly advanced, carrying a small roll under his arm. He spoke in a low tone with a queer accent, but in good English, saying, "I see, sir, that you are much surprised at my presence, but I am here to guide you to a beautiful city in a far-off land. If you will come with me, we will start our journey."

I followed him in bewilderment, out-of-doors, and watched him as he unrolled the bundle that had been under his arm. He spread it carefully on the ground and I saw then that it was a carpet which, as it unrolled, grew gradually larger until it was large enough for two or three persons to sit down on it.

My guide then bade me sit down on it, Turkish fashion, which I did. He then sat down beside me and muttered something in a strange language. As soon as the words were uttered, a strange thing happened. The carpet began to rise slowly, but with increasing speed, and before it was many feet from the ground, the edges of it were turned up all around to prevent our falling off.

Abdul el Ranid, as I found he was called, told me that we would be near the south coast of the Mediterranean Sea in a few hours. The carpet journeyed on swiftly, and I was soon aware of the fact that it was growing much lighter. Questioning Abdul el Ranid about this he informed me that by the time we reached Tripoli, our destination, it would be daylight.

When we arrived at last in Tripoli, it was not only daylight but about the middle of the forenoon. My companion explained that we were to make the journey from Tripoli to the city across the Sahara by means of an airplane.

We left Tripoli about noon of that day and were to make camp at nightfall in an oasis of the Sahara.

As we traveled, my guide told me a little about the people in this region. Most of them were Mohammedans; he himself was a native of Morocco. He described their dress, customs and religion and told me that the city where we were going was a hidden Mohammedan city.

Just before dark we sighted the oasis where we were to camp for the night, and landed about seven o'clock. The next morning we started early and traveled swiftly. Just before noon we saw the hidden city of Timbuctoo.

We landed and Abdul el Ranid spoke telling me that we must first go and meet their ruler, a Mohammedan by religion.

He was an elderly person with a long white beard and dressed in the same loose garments as my guide. He greeted us very cordially, saying, "My friend, you are welcome to our beautiful city."

Then to the guide, "Show him our streets, shops, and mosques. See that he misses nothing during his short visit here."

We left him and, as we visited the different buildings, Abdul el Ranid told me that the natives had been cannibals before the Mohammedan missionaries converted them, and were now under Mohammedan rule. "That is why," he said, "I am here."

The streets were beautifully laid out and everywhere were mosques of Mohammedan architecture. Although I had seen mosques before, I had never seen any as beautiful as these. In the center of the city was the most beautiful one of all.

The inhabitants lived in small huts made from mud, and the walls of the trading headquarters and shops were made from this same variety of mud.

The shops were also very curious; all articles for sale were spread out on large rugs on the floor. The chief articles of exchange were gums, rubber, gold, salt, and wax, this town being the principal center of caravan trade across the Sahara. Large quantities of goods are exchanged here every year.

Some of the more intelligent class of people work in mills, weaving cotton. They also produce a large amount of pottery and leather articles.

That night I stayed with the old man whom I had met upon my arrival. After staying in Timbuctoo two days, I made ready for my trip home.

We crossed the Sahara in an airplane as we had come, and arrived at Tripoli at nightfall. The next day we resumed the journey on the magic carpet, arriving in the afternoon. My guide bade me shut my eyes as we landed and, the next moment, I felt someone gently shaking and telling me to wake up.

I opened my eyes and found myself in my own arm-chair and standing beside me, laughing, was a friend who had come to spend the evening. As I looked up at him, he said: "You've been asleep and muttering something about mosques and cannibals; where do you think you've been?"

When I told him my dream, for it was nothing but a dream, he laughed again. Although I was sorry my trip had not been real, I was glad I was at home again.

AUBIGNE CUSHING, '27.

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### "HERE ARE SENIORS"

Clyve Muzzy—His favorite song is "Margie;" chief pastime, taking her to ride; favorite saying, "We'll go;" chief ambition, driving a Ford over Raymond Hill.

Ellen Cole—Her greatest desire is to appear as a star in "The Importance of (Being) *Ernest*;" favorite pastime, being agreeable; favorite song, "Waltz me 'round again, Willie;" common saying, "Oh, Fudge."

Louise Douglass—Her greatest pleasure is dancing with Chester; favorite saying, "Hold the line;" favorite song, "*Cambell* is coming;" life work, a school marm.

Eugene Sawyer—His hobby is snowshoeing; favorite saying, "I'll tell the world;" highest ambition, throwing Fords together at the garage.

To teach school is Elizabeth Campbell's ambition. She is in a hurry. We wonder why? "Wait for the Wagon" is her favorite song. "Hustle up" is her common saying.

Without a doubt George Severy's ambition is to become a dentist. Writing love poems is his chief recreation. "Oh, What a Pal was Mary" is his favorite song. "Cheer Up, Mary" is his favorite saying.

Ernest Leonard desires to become an editor. Debating is his chief pastime. "You're a Million Miles from Nowhere, When You're One Little Mile from Home" is his favorite song. His common exclamation is, "You poor fish!"

William Verrill wishes to become a famous actor in the part of Rip Van Winkle. His favorite recreation is deer (dear) hunting. "Beneath the Jungle Moon" is his favorite song. His most common saying is, "What do you think this is?"

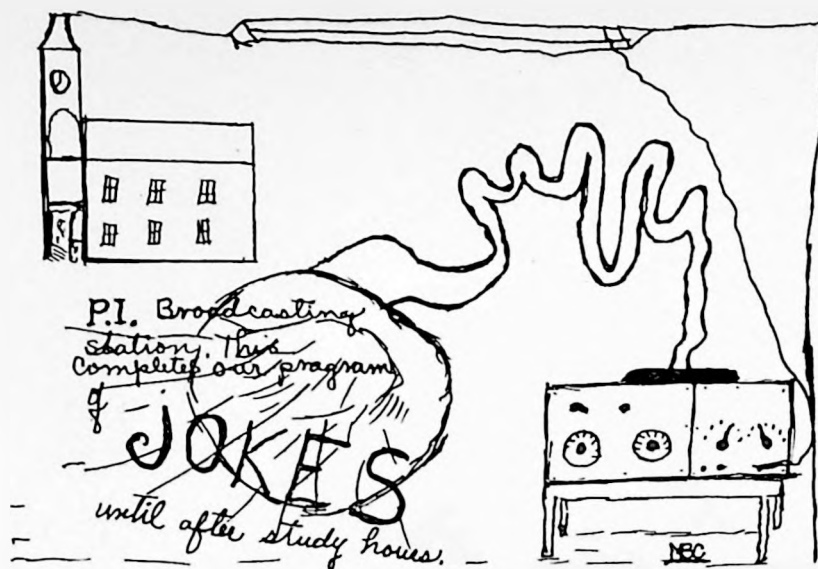
Marjorie Stacy is one of our dignified Seniors. Her most popular saying is, "Oh! Boy!" Her favorite recreation is dancing. She will be a teacher of mathematics, as that is her greatest ambition. She favors the song: "It's Three O'clock in the Morning." We wonder why!

Albert Doughty's special pastime is doing algebra exercises with parentheses and "brackets." His favorite speech is: "I'll say not!" He is always singing: "They go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me." His greatest desire is to be a principal. Can you see him teaching at Pennell?

Doris Roberts' favorite song is: "April Showers." It is her wish to become a musician. Her special saying reads thus: "Say! What do you think I am?" Her favorite pastime is giving public readings.

Verna Yeaton's greatest amusement is watching an "artist" draw. She is always studying hard, for her ambition is to be a satisfactory teacher. She is in favor of "Barney Google" as her most popular song. She is always addressing someone as: "Oh! You Dumb Bell!" Some day she will be a primary principal.





Miss Wentworth: "Your class could handle a humorous play much better than a serious one, being so used to it."

Leonard (in History III and IV): "When a child becomes of age, that is, when he is two or three years old—" etc.

Louise Chipman: "I did not know I was so big until I got into High School."

Miss Wentworth: "What did William Harvey discover?"

Louise Douglas: "Circulation of the body."

Percy: "I hear you've got a new car, Ted. Does it rattle?"

Ted: "It sounds like a skeleton having a chill on a tin roof."

#### IN CIVICS I.

Miss Wentworth: "We are going to have a caucus tomorrow."

Eva Sawyer: "What kind of a carcass is it going to be?"

Earl: "That's a chemical equation."

Mr. Hamm: "How do you purify water?"

Lawrence: "By boiling it; it kills the bugs."

George Severy: "George Washington woke up one morning and found that he was eleven days older than he ought to be."

#### GOOD TASTE

Miss Miller (in French): "What would you like for lunch, Severy?"

Severy: "Bread, Beans and bananas."

Miss Miller: "Bon jour, M. Severy."

Severy: "Tres bien" (very well).

#### IN CHAPEL

Vocal Solo: George Severy.

Piano Duet: Frank McConkey and Miss McLeod.

Song and Reading: Willie Verrill.

Drum Solo: Merrill Libby.

Lecture on, "Just What and When to Feed the Hens," Marjorie Stacy.

The whole room: So quiet that you could hear a tin pan drop.

Mr. Ham: "A base added to an acid makes a salt for Mr. McConkey to feed his cows."

Mr. Hamm: "This acid never hurt anyone yet."

(Voice in the class): "That proves that dead men tell no tales."

The other day George Severy sent a theme down to Mr. Hamm's desk entitled, "Why Do I Live?" Mr. Hamm immediately sent back a note, replying, "Because you didn't bring the theme yourself."

Miss Wentworth: "Translate, Mr. Libby."

W. L. in desperation: "So help me Hercules" (hercule).

Miss Miller (to Lawrence, who was whispering to Earle): "Look out, Whitney, I'm going to land on you in a minute."

7 Seaview Avenue,  
Gray, Maine,  
October 34, 1492.

*My dear Mr. Pullmotor:*

You can believe me I was deeply grieved when I arrived home last night to find my pet hound, Sennacherib, had seriously disturbed your bed of roses. I would offer to reimburse you, but I realize that such a loss cannot be estimated in money.

Hereafter I will keep the dog in leash and I trust that his annoyance will not impair our neighborly friendship.

Ina (in English): "He starved to death because he didn't have enough to eat."

Lindsay Cambell: "They say men sprung from monkeys."

Mr. Hamm: "Evidently some haven't sprung yet."

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE KENT.

### OUR FIRST CITIZEN

Of all the pupils at old P. I.  
Severy's the lad that takes the eye,  
In many ways he's sure to gain  
Plenty of fame for Pennell's name.

If he should enter a distance run,  
Or launch a grand debate,  
Somebody's sure to have some fun,  
For Sev's a humorous skate.

In every study Sev's a bear,  
And as an athlete you'll find him there;  
He's sure some batter, and a dancer of note,  
But as a debater he'll collect your goat.

His feats have been great since entering here,  
There's been something doing every year;  
He's blown up steam engines and run for miles,  
And shown the rest of us all the styles.

For many years these halls will ring  
 With Severy's fame and deeds;  
 Some day he may be a Congressman,  
 If he ambition heeds.

EARL F. STEVENS, '25.

#### SCHOOL SONGS.

"The Miller of The Dee,"  
 While in, 'The Low Backed Car,'  
 Was beside, 'Annie Lawrie,'  
 Saying, 'Abide with me.'

And, "Rocked in the Cradle of the  
 Deep,"  
 She said, "How can I leave thee?"  
 Then, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,"  
 "Upidee," "Upidee."

"There's Music in The Air,"  
 Said, 'Krambambuli,'  
 But, 'Tis 'Robin Adair,'  
 Spoke, 'Vaterlandsliebe'."

"Underneath The Briny Sea"  
 Was, "Old Rosin, the Beau,"  
 Close by, "The Blushing Maple Tree,"  
 So, Long, Long Ago."

M. B. C.

THE GOLD HUNTERS (Senior Theme)  
 The story of two twin brothers hunt-  
 ing for a Roman gold collar button with  
 only four minutes for car time.

Tripp, in history: "Nicias waited six  
 months for a *new moon*."

Colley, in Latin: "Catiline received in-  
 credible wallop" (*incredibilem volupta-*  
*tem*).

#### P. I. SOCIETY (?) CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Henry Ford requests the pleasure  
 of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's company  
 to the football game between Pennell  
 Institute and Harvard Freshmen on  
 Saturday, October twenty-seven, at two  
 o'clock.

15 Poverty Lane,  
 October 22nd.

Colley, in Latin: "This must be given  
 to some gladiator or—or motor cop."

Mr. Ham, holding up an object: "This  
 is lumbago, class" (*plumbago*).

The following letter was received re-  
 cently by a large company which manu-  
 factures corn syrup:

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six  
 cans of your corn syrup, my feet are  
 no better now than when I started."  
 "Columbia Crew."

#### HOW HEMSTITCHING IS DONE.

1. Ingredients.
  - a. Hem.
  - b. Sewing machine.
  - c. Thread.
11. Method of Procedure.
  - a. Put the hem in position.
  - b. Crank up the machine.
  - c. Shift gears.
  - d. Run over the hem.
  - e. A—hem!

GEORGE KENT, '26.

Ellinwood translated "*sua eram*:" "I  
 am, I is."

A brilliant youth in Geom. II gave the  
 following: "The median of a trapezoid  
 is a pin point between two legs."

Verrill reading Hamlet: "Was she a  
 gentleman?"

Is eum curule sella adornavit: "He  
 adorned him with a holy three-legged  
 stool."—N. Winslow.

Quis mitior me possit? "Who is more  
 mouldy than I?"—M. Colley.

OUR IDEA OF NOTHING AT ALL.

Dorothea—thin.  
 Albert—doing Algebra.  
 Kimball—not eating candy in school.  
 Aubigne—bashful.  
 Louise—dependent.  
 Etta—sober.  
 Ellinwood—making a mile dash on the Pennell track team.  
 Cobb—at a dance.  
 Eva—being a wallflower.  
 Eleanor—looking cheerful during the first week of vacation.

Mr. H.: "What is a compound entry?"  
 Miss MacLeod: "Well."  
 Mr. H.: "That's a hole in the ground."

Miss W., in Latin: "Mr. Colley, what is the nominative of vere?"  
 Mr. Colley: "Voose, I guess."  
 Miss W., in History: "Mr. Tripp, in Columbus' time, how did the people travel?"  
 Mr. Tripp: Er—er—I guess—er—on Shank's Mare."

Miss Miller, speaking to boys making disturbance: "Mr. Stevens, are you causing any of that disturbance?"

Mr. Stevens: "I haven't been out of my seat."

Miss Miller: "I say, have you been causing any of that disturbance?"

Mr. Stevens: "I don't know anything about it, ask Frank McConkey."

Mr. McConkey: "How do I know, I've been studying."

A roar from the class.

Mr. H.: "What is the amount of your interest?"

Miss Strout: "\$12.22."

Mr. H.: "No."

Miss Strout: "\$2.22."

Mr. H.: "Yes, but what's that one for?"

Miss Strout: "The pen made it."

It is better to be still and be called a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

We have freshmen thick and thin,  
 The sophomores are next in kin,  
 The juniors are sure now to win,  
 And the seniors are only old "has-beens."

LAWRENCE HUMPHREY, '25.

THE GRAY SNOW CARNIVAL OF 1924

The Snow Carnival which was held at Gray, January 10, 1924, was the town's biggest success in years. People came from far and near to witness one of Maine's greatest annual snow carnivals (as far as Egypt, where some of the pupils live). It was an event to which people had been looking forward for a long time (ever since the day before). There were more competitors for the prizes this year than ever. It will mark one of the great epochs in the history of Pennell Institute, which furnished the carnival grounds and put up all the prizes. It will also leave remembrances in the minds of the young folks, who witnessed the carnival, and some of whom competed for the prizes, when they have passed the years of wishing to be out in the brisk cold air of a Maine winter and when their hair has turned grey and when lesser events have passed from their minds.

I will speak of naught but the events in which the pupils of Pennell Institute won prizes. The first event of importance was the snowshoe race between the boys which began early in the morning (about twelve forty-five P. M.). The race started on the second of the signal. The next second, Severy, one of the competitors, was down, due to

the breaking of one of his straps. It was called an unfair start by the judge (Severy). Again they were started. This time Severy managed to get a few feet further before he decided to take another seat. The leader in the race, Mr. Sawyer, would not consent to start again, so he waited at the half-way mark for the rest of the competitors. Again they started and Sawyer and Severy kept abreast. A grand rush was made by both at the finishing line, but as Severy galloped and Sawyer trotted, it finished in a tie. Therefore, the prize was withheld.

The next event of importance was the boys' skii race, which resulted in two spills and a flop-up and the winning of the race by Stevens, a student of Pennell Institute. The girls' snowshoe race was one which held the eyes of the boys. The boys' expectations were fulfilled when three of the contestants went down in one shot. Two of the three who fell managed to pull themselves out of the snow, but a rescue crew was needed for the third one. Another prize went to Pennell when Aubigue Cushing came in ahead of all the other contestants. In the girls' skii race Isabelle Sawyer and Louise Chipman won first and second places respectively. Both of these girls are from Pennell.

As soon as the events were over, the crowd dispersed. After the crowd had dispersed it was found that each person had left something (their foot-prints) and, as the owners could not be identified, the things which were found will be auctioned off to any cobbler who wishes to purchase them, with the reservation of the snowshoe tracks.

As I have said before, the Carnival, which lasted from early in the morning (12.45 P. M.) to nearly sunset (1.15 P. M.) was one which will furnish many newspaper reporters subject on which to rely for their increase in pay as the snow sports progress from year to year.

E. W. M., '26.

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#### CLASS OF 1925

- A stands for Allen of '25  
Who keeps the Chemistry Class alive.
- C stands for Campbell and Colley, too.  
Though they're as different as rain from dew.
- F stands for Frank, a singer, you bet.  
She can't be beat at P. I. yet.
- H stands for Higgins, Hodgkins and Humphrey,  
They're happy children and delight in good company.
- L stands for Libby, whose form is quite thin,  
Just because he's fooling with a book of Latin.
- M stands for McConkey and Morrill, too,  
They fool all the time and don't know what to do.

P stands for Pollard, a girl from West Gray,  
 She always does right, but has her own way.  
 S stands for Severy and Skillings, also,  
 You can't find a fault with either, though.  
 S also stands for Stevens of our class,  
 Who never looks sidewise at any lass (?).  
 W stands for Whitney and Winslow, too,  
 The latter will be a preacher; former, boss of a logging crew.  
 I. M. S., '25.

---

Although his stay's short, he brings plenty of sport  
 And is most interesting in more ways than one.  
 March roars like a lion with weather of iron.  
 A little vacation is granted the while.  
 The rabbits are hopping with long ears a-flopping,  
 And I feel as frisky as any young child.  
 For springtime is coming, the bees will be humming  
 And April is here with her long pleasant hours.  
 The birds have returned from their winter's sojourn  
 And the woods are fragrant with pink-tipped Mayflowers.  
 The queen of the springtime, the beautiful Maytime,  
 Ushers in lilacs and violets sweet.  
 There's a bang on the door and you run as before  
 To find a Maybasket, in which is a treat.  
 June's the closing month, dear, with a smile and a tear.  
 Commencement brings many who think with concern  
 It's their last days with teachers and scenes so familiar  
 They must pass from the school door, no more to return.

W. H. LIBBY.

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#### PAST AND PRESENT

"Please give me a coach and a nice black span,"  
 The man long ago used to cry;  
 But the man of today is asking his wife,  
 "What kind of a car shall we buy?"  
 The man of tomorrow will search far and wide,  
 And all kinds of airplanes will try,  
 For the man of the future who stands any show  
 Is truly the one who will fly.

—LENA ALLEN, '25.

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Radio Outfits and Supplies - A. L. A. Service Station*

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*You will always find a nice line of Fresh Meats, Groceries, Canned  
Goods and Fruits, Bread, Pastry and Soft Drinks*

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OUR AIM IS TO PLEASE -- "LIVE AND LET LIVE", IS OUR MOTTO

---

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*Piano Tuner*

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After 9 A. M.--Telephone 6019

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*You, too, will enjoy shopping here when you come to PORTLAND*

Because      *QUALITY is dependable at P. M. & B.*

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## COLE-MARSDEN CO.

*"THE BRICK STORE"*

*General Merchandise*

GRAY,      -      -      -      MAINE

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### Murdock Company

OPTOMETRISTS  
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HATS, SHOES

*and*

FURNISHINGS FOR  
YOUNG MEN

Foster Avery Co.

*The Besse System*  
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*Compliments of*

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